
THE
ORATION and POEM,

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Mr. Weedon's

Entertainment of

Divine Musick.

ORATION

THE

ORATION

Mr. Weston's

Address

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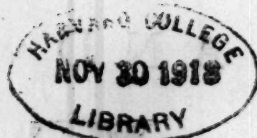
THE
ORATION
AND
POEM,

Spoken at the
ENTERTAINMENT
OF
Divine Musick.

Perform'd at *Stationers-Hall* on *Tuesday*
the 6th of *Jan.* 1702.

Angels and We, Instructed by this Art,
May Sing together tho' we dwell Apart. Mr. Waller.

L O N D O N:
Printed; and Sold by *John Nutt* near *Stationers-Hall.*
M DCC II.



*Gift of
William Endicott, Jr.*

TO THE
Noble and Worthy
ASSEMBLY
WHO WERE

Auditors of this Entertainment.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

THE Honour you have done this Undertaking, by your Presence at the Performance Obliges me to this Publique Acknowledgment of the Favour.

I am

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I am likewise sensible that the greatest Inducement to your Appearance at this Solemnity, was to Countenance the Design of it, which is the Promoting of Religion and Virtue and Discouragement of Vice and Immorality.

This you were pleased to take upon the first Hints, wherefore I crave Leave to say something more upon the Subject, both for your own farther Satisfaction, and Others, who ('tis hop'd) may follow your Pious and Generous Example.

The Restoring of Musick to its Sacred and Primitive Use, cannot but be passionately desired by all Persons who have any Esteem for Piety or Harmony. The Latter being not only a Help to Religious Worship, but to the Sublimest and Divinest Exercises thereof, the Praises of our Creator.

All Religious Duties are our Reasonable Service, in them we approve our Selves to be Rational

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onal Creatures. But in Celebrating the Praises of his Almighty Power, Justice, Truth, Wisdom, Goodness, &c. we seem exalted above Human-Nature, and raised to the Employment of the Angelical.

In our other Addresses to the Almighty Sovereign we are Petitioners for Favours for our selves, but Thanksgiving and Praise have more direct Regard towards Him; and may be more properly call'd the Paying him the Honour that is Due to his Name.

Certainly all Methods that can Induce People to Devotion, or assist them in it, are to be Encouraged and Promoted in a Christian Nation; And what can have a better Claim to such Encouragement, or be a more effectual Means, than this of Divine Musick? that makes Devotion a Delight.

But, Besides this First and Greatest of Christian Duties, the Honouring of God, your Assembling at this Entertainment is a Charity
to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to Men; the Benefit of the Ticket-Money being for the Relief of Poor Decay'd Gentlemen, whose Necessities (by reason of their Modesty) are, commonly, more severe than those of Clamorous Want.

And, moreover, for Erecting and Maintenance of a School for Educating of Youth in Religion, Musick and Accounts.

These Good Purposes carrying with them their own Recommendation, I shall only Add, that whereas your resorting to other Musical Entertainments, is no farther Beneficial than to the Performers, your Expence in this will be Ordered (besides Gratifying of them) to serve the foremention'd Charitable Uses, and thereby procure a Benefit to the very Donors themselves, and repay their Charges, with Interest, in everlasting Treasures.

Wherefore, as I have willingly taken the Trouble of setting so Good a Design on Foot, I hope it will be as chearfully Supported, for the fore-

The Epistle Dedicatory.
*foresaid Pious Ends, which is all that's De-
sir'd by*

Ladies and Gentlemen

Your most Humble Servant,

CAVENDISH WEEDON.

B

THE

THE PUBLIC DEBT OFFICE
LONDON

By Order of the Secretary of the Treasury

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FOR THE YEAR 1861

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THE
ORATION,

Spoken at this

ENTERTAINMENT, &c.

IT is, *Gentlemen*, the first and the most distinguishing Prerogative of our Nature, that we alone, of all the Sons of Earth, are taught our Dependance, and to own the Dominion of God that made us. And therefore I hope so Noble an Assembly, who have all Reason to pretend unto the best Compositions, will not be surprized at their being called to pursue this Original Design, and to act according to the

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Dignity of their Nature. To assist this best of Actions, and advance that first Design of all, is the End of this humble Performance ; that so Divine a Gift, as Musick is, may no longer, like a Prodigal, wander from its true Parent, and become an Ornament to Trifles, but may recover its Station, and be received into the Protection of its Guardian Divinity. It was this Excellent Art which softned the Old World into Societies, and which first sweetned their Fierce and Barbarous Passions to receive the Blessing of Order ; and Mankind was so oversensible of the Benefit, that every Patron and Inventer of it enjoy'd a Fabulous Honour, and was stiled a Tutelary God. Nay in the true Antiquity, where Men are taught to keep their Bounds and give Honors short of Idolatry, we find the Inventers of the Harp and the Organ recorded in the same Catalogue with the Founders of Nations ; and to employ these Sacred Instruments as they deserved, did the true God inspire the Chief of all the Jewish Monarchs ; who both composed,
and

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and performed upon some Solemn Occasions, those Holy Hymns which are to this Day the best Guides of our Devotion. As for the Christian Worship, the first Observers of it could no better describe it, than by their Meeting Early to Sing certain Hymns, and since these have been brought out of Caves into Churches and Temples, we still find the greatest Encouragers of them have been the Wisest and most Heroick Persons of all Ages. Their Enemies are only those whose Schism hath long since sour'd all the Benignity of their Nature; who have no Harmony in their Minds, and therefore hate it in their Ears.

The Ambition of the Author of this Meeting rises no higher, than to bespeak the Favour of the Company for this Sublime Art, and their Pardon for presuming to recommend it. He knows all here are better Judges and Friends to it, than he knows how to be, and that 'tis beyond the reach of Man to give the Lord of all, his Praises due. 'Tis in this bold
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Undertaking enough for him, and those who **Honour** him with their **Skill**, to attempt, and to make up in **Desire** what they want in **Ability**. But the **Musick** will best speak for it self, and if we join our **Hearts** to our **Voices**, they will perhaps afford us a faint **Tast** and **Antepast** of more lasting Joys.

The

The Anthems were,

**The First Nine Verses of the XCVIth
*Psalms.***

The CLth *Psalms.*

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The Anthem was

The Anthem was of the XCVM
Palm

The Club

THE
P O E M
For Mr. *W E E D E N*'s First
Entertainment of
Religious Musick.

Written Mr. Tate, Poet-Laureat to His MAJESTY.

Vouchsafe a Suppliant Envoy to Admit,
From MUSICK ; You, who Musick's Judges sit.
Before this Awful Court the Conscious Dame
Fear'd to Appear, till first her Herald came ;
Who, with her Guilt, her Grief might Represent,
And, with th' Offender, shew the Pœnitent.

Perhaps your gen'rou's Patience 'twill Requite,
 While Her surprizing Story I recite ;
 A Scene of Wonder, Terrour, and Delight.

This Female PRODIGAL (of Heav'nly Birth)
 Was Consecrated first to Sacred Mirth ;
 And, Only to the Altar's Service bound,
 Anthems and Hallelujah's did resound.
 There to Celestial Layes her harp she Strung,
 Liv'd like an Angel— Like an Angel Sung !
 Devotion then did Harmony inspire,
 And Harmony Sublim'd Devotion's Fire.

In This blest State the Glorious Dam'sel shin'd,
 Till Youthfully to Rove She grew Inclined,
 And thought her Self in Sacred Walls, Confin'd.

Abroad

Abroad She came ; and, with her num'rous Train,
Arriv'd at fair *Arcadia's* flow'ry Plain.

Where, for Seraphick Flames, in Myrtle Bow'rs,
She Sang of Nymphs and Shepherds fond Amours.

(The Heav'nly Host All Pittying, from Above,
Celestial Ardour chang'd to Past'ral Love!)

Yet, to this humbler Province fall'n, her Skill,
Tho' less Devout, was free from Lewdness still.

Not Prostituted yet to Loose Desire,

But Only harmless Passion did Inspire,

And fann'd with gentle Airs Chast Hymen's Fire.

To recreate some watchful Shepherd's Care,

With Sonnets of his Kind but Absent Fair ;

And keep ill-treated Lovers from Despair.

To teach the Melancholly Grove to Sing,

And wake the sleeping Beauties of the Spring.

But when seduc'd from harmless Rural Sports,
 And brought in State to Palaces and Courts ;
 There, like a Princess, honour'd and renown'd
 She thought (ah ! flatter'd Pride) her Wishes Crown'd.
Arcadian Cells and Vot'ries she despiz'd,
 With Grandieur's dazzling Pageantry surpriz'd.
 Till, with a Courtier's Fortune, from Respect
 And Envy'd Pomp, Abandon'd to Neglect.
 Reduc'd at last for wretched Hire to Serve;
 Or with her poor discarded Sons to Starve;
 Compell'd, like *Sion's* Captives, to expose
 Their Melody to rude insulting Foes.
 To Prostitute the Musick of the Spheres,
 In Vilest Service, to Unhallow'd Ears !
 Mirth's Vassals, Bound, when-e'er she pleas'd to send,
 On All her wild Vagaries to Attend ;

To Serenades, Masques, Banquets, Rev'ling Rage;
 Buffoon'ry, Farce; those Witch-Crafts of the Stage,
 And dire Diversions of a Graceless Age. }

Nay--- Ev'n Beneath Stage-Fooleries she fell,
 Minion to Fops that Write, and Cannot Spell.
 Her skilful Notes, that first-rate Wit require
Roscommon Energy and *Waller's* Fire,
 Press'd to serve Sparkish Nonsense, and Compose
 The thoughtless Madrigals of Lispering Beau's.

Sick with this wretched nauseous Drudg'ry grown,
 The gen'rous Dame in Spleen forsook the Town.

O could you now the pensive Matron view ;
 Where only Cypress grows and baleful Yew :
 Hid, in the gloomy Valley of Despair
 The *Magdalen* lies with dishevell'd Hair,
 To the cold Earth her tender Bosom bare. }

The

The Ruines of a Sepulchre her Bed,
 A Skull the Pillow that supports her Head,
 Unbury'd Bones forlorn about her Spread.
 Rending with Penitential Sighs the Skies,
 Eccho'd by Ravens Knells and Scritch-Owl Cries.
 By tripping Faeries Mock'd, and Antick Sprites
 (Tormenting Visions of her past Delights!)
 Who Dance, in Spiteful Sport, to Musick's Moans,
 For still tho' sad Harmonious are her Groans!
 Hark how the Mournful Melody aspires!

*Pauze ; here a Mournful Symphony play'd soft and
 faint, as at a Distance.*

These tuneful Sighs charm down th' Angelick Quires,
 Who, their Repenting *Magdalen* to Chear,
 Proud of the Charge, in Shining Throngs appear.

Fair Mourner Rise (Tryumphant thus they say)
 Rise Mournful Fair; bright Convert come Away.
 Forsake this Vale of Tears--- with Open Gates
 For thy Return thy Native Temple waits.
 Daughter of Heav'n Once more in Glory Shine,
 Again Appear, what Thou wer't Born, Divine.

She Comes--- the moving Tryumph I Survey!
 Before the Pomp Celestial Harpers Play;
 And strew Etherial Roses in her Way.
 Now Listen Earth to her blest Hymns of Praise
 That bring Heav'n down to Thee, and Thee to Heav'n
 (will raise.

F I N I S.